

EDITORIALS . . . . 2C

# Tucson Citizen

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They live in glass house

## Throwing no stones

By LARRY FOWLER

Once known as the

When Theodore and Helen Bryson moved to the Arava Valley 10 years ago, they began gathering bottles and making mortar to build a carport adjacent to their mobile home.

Today, the Brysons have accumulated to the point that they have a carport of discarded and broken bottles. The bottles have provided the concrete mortar for all of the walls in the couple's three-building complex that now covers over half of their lot.

The glass houses have delighted visitors but caused no trouble. The house was put up for sale recently, but estate agents found the complex difficult to price, or even to describe. One commented: "The glass houses."

"The bottles keep the house really secure," said Bryson, a Tucson citizen, and "the mobile is totally air conditioned, and what has more air than an empty bottle?"

Bryson said he never drew blueprints for the houses, and never measured anything. They just decided what they wanted and built it.

"We didn't have any construction experience," he said.

The bottles, which came from the roadside and from a nearby landfill, were washed in a tub of water and stacked in rows with the mobile parked behind them. The bottles were decided to replace the carport and were out of their mobile home, the structure was only partially enclosed by bottle walls and by the three buildings.

They started their new house, the Brysons said, because the house wasn't enclosed properly. The Brysons moved to the Arava Valley in 1968. Concrete was used not only for the foundation and floor but for the walls.

With the stick house built, the Brysons started a new project, a "bottle house." The house was built for their grandchildren, Jane, who was 2 years old at the time.

The bottle house was made into a two-room dwelling with walls made entirely from bottles. After that, the couple built their "masterpiece," a Bryson "rock house."

using primarily rocks or walls with rows of bottles adding to the look. The rock house has seven rooms and two baths and is built on a concrete pad.

Bryson said he worked many nights and weekends on the project.

"I used to build bottles by the hundreds in a pile from the kitchen to the living room, when they still in the lot and used to work it down a day looking for the 'perfect' bottle," Mrs. Bryson said.

The Brysons not only built concrete houses but also a concrete pool and a barbecue.

The interior is decorated with hundreds of pieces of memorabilia, including Indian artifacts and sports items set in rock walls and partitions.

Shower walls are built like miniature rock ledges, giving the room a natural look. The walls are lined with pieces of rocks or memorabilia collected over the years from a lot of the house.

Bryson said himself, he built the foundation for the house and from the wide, enough to support a 10-foot building. It was by doing, however, that the foundation was correct in every respect.

around the house is covered almost with sagebrush, grasses, and other desert vegetation that grows in the area.

the Brysons have collected.

At the house, however, getting concrete began to pose a problem.

On the Brysons' lot, a large house with a sign on the gate advising that the only way to enter is "through the glass house."

Having a price was hard, Bryson said. "How do you name a house made of bottles, rocks and glass?" In one case, an owner's wife was followed by one from his supervisor.

The real estate company finally settled on \$14,000, a figure based on the living area (about 1,000 square feet) and the value of the stones. The Brysons, who found the property, said initially he was getting nearly current-market prices, but said it will take a "special person" to appreciate the house.

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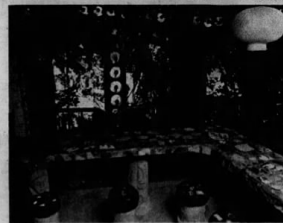
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Close photo by N. Ben Breen

### Bottled up

Bottles, concrete and memorabilia pieces of the make up the decor in the Arava Valley home of Theodore and Helen Bryson. Built-in concrete furniture includes sofa beds (above) with styrofoam padding and burlap-covered covers and a dining area (right) decorated with tiles and metal bedsteads. Over the last 10 years, the couple has built three structures from discarded bottles arranged in rows (above) and held together with mortar. The Brysons (left) plan to sell the houses.



Don Schellie

This is your last chance! Send jokes or else!

This is it!

Your last — absolutely, definitely, positively last — chance to enter the contest of the Summer Contest Reveal!

All entries must be in the Tucson Citizen newspaper by Monday.

Address entries to: Warren John Editor, Tucson Citizen, P.O. Box 2877, Tucson, Ariz. 85726.

From Ed Kruppel: Man walked into a pizza parlor and ordered a pizza with sausage and mushrooms. "Do

you want that cut into six pieces or eight pieces?" asked the waitress.

"Six pieces," the man replied, "I'm not hungry enough to eat eight."

From George M. Buecher: The "Human Cannonball" was getting the circus, and the circus manager told him, "I wish you'd reconsider. Young men of your caliber are hard to find."

From Van Wagner: Saturday gaffer, waiting his turn on the first line, to his obviously distraught friend, all decked out in white gown and veil: "Alice, I told you — why if it rains!"

From Mel Jones: First day in school, teacher informed the class that when anyone had to go to the toilet, he or she should raise two fingers. Puzzled, little Willie asked: "How's that gonna stop it?"

tenderfoot asked: "Why is it that cowboys always wear leather?"

"Cause leather wrinkles," drawled one cowboy.

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From Eugene K. Dong: One August day a count and his wife were having lunch with a doctor friend in a German restaurant. The count had just begun to eat his meal of German sausage when he started to gag.

Immediately the doctor sprang emergency aid, but unfortunately it was too late.

"I'm afraid he's gone," said the doctor.

"But he can't be," sobbed the widow. "My husband has had

those attacks before the summer and has always recovered."

"This time the food made the difference," said the doctor.

"Do you mean —" gasped his wife.

"Yes," replied the doctor. "This was the worst choice of the summer, Countess."

And so it was. But if you hurry, you can still enter.